

## KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

The Remarkable Adventure of Capt. Tuttle—His Arctic Views.

Capt. Arthur Tuttle, the noted traveler, explorer and ex-King of the Cannibal Islands, is in the city. Capt. Tuttle is now seventy-one years old, and his experiences have, drawing it mildly, been somewhat varied. He was born in New York State and worked on his father's farm until he was eighteen years old. He became infatuated with the glowing tales of a life at sea and made up his mind to join a ship. He did so, and since that time, with the exception of two years and six months, he was King of the Cannibal Islands, and since 1881 he has been at sea.

He related his history of how he became the King of the Cannibal Islands in a graphic manner. In 1883 the Essex, a ship on which Captain Tuttle was, was wrecked. The crew took to the boats, and after drifting about or about seventy-five days the one in which he and seven others were in was cast upon one of the Cannibal Islands. Immediately the entire boat's crew were seized by the natives. They were all killed except Captain Tuttle. The reason why he was not killed with the others was because of his unusual height. A few days afterward the ruling King was deposed and Captain Tuttle was inaugurated in his stead.

The reason for Captain Tuttle being saved by his unusual height (he is 6 feet 3 inches) was a strange superstitious belief of the natives. Several years previous one of the kings died. Before he died he would return in another form and color. Up to the time that Captain Tuttle appeared the natives had looked forward to the second coming of the dead King. When Captain Tuttle landed he was measured, and he corresponded in every way with the dead King. It was believed that there could be no mistake in the man, and he was therefore made King. He fought several battles with the islanders, and was victorious in all of them. He built a church and preached to them in their native language. By this means the natives became somewhat civilized. Two years and a half afterward Captain Tuttle took his departure from the islanders.

Captain Tuttle said that the islanders were very fond of human flesh. The reason why they have a liking for this kind of food was because of a belief existing among them. One of their Kings was quarrelsome, and frequently had disputes with the other tribes on the islands. He told the islanders who were his subjects that they must eat those whom they killed and took prisoners. He wanted them to do this, because if they did so their opponents would be decreased in numbers. He believed that if the dead and the prisoners were eaten they would not return in another form to give them further trouble.

During many years of his long life at sea, Captain Tuttle has spent a great deal of his time in whaling in the Arctic regions. It is his intention to go on an Arctic expedition to discover the north pole. He claims to have been further than any white man, and also to have discovered the passage leading to the pole. This passage, so far as is known, no one else has ever found. He says the Government owes him \$27,000, and when he secures this he will fit out an expedition.—*Denver Tribune.*

## A Grand "Stand."—Glasses round.

What a kleptomaniac was heard to whisper in a haberdasher's shop.—Steal trimmings is what I'm after for my dress.

"Dennis," asked the Colonel, "when can I see you?" "I can see you now, your honor." "I want to talk business to you. When will you be at home?" "When I get there, sir." "I want to see if we cannot make arrangements by which you can pay me." "In that event, sir, O! won't be there till some time afterwards."

From "the Land of the Free."—A Western citizen, on being informed that in his absence a panther had attacked his wife, and that she had beaten off and killed the animal, merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Ef that panther had knowed her as well as I do, he'd never riled her up, you bet."

## SHADOWING SUSPECTS.

A Line of Business in Which Some Men Earn A Living.

"I have gone into a new line of business," said a detective yesterday to a *Daily News* reporter, and he passed over a sheet of paper as he spoke, on which was printed, with his name in pretty letters at the bottom, a letter asking the receiver "if there is any one who at some period of his or her life has not felt the need of some agent of discretion and skill to whom he or she could intrust certain investigations mysterious and delicate in their way." The circular then went on to mention some of the "mysterious and delicate" investigations, such as fathers who wish to know the acts of their prodigal sons, families desirous of knowing the habits of any one of their members, and, in fact, all those who desire to exercise moral supervision and justifiable investigation.

"How does it pay?" asked the reporter. "A great deal better than criminal work, and it is not at all distasteful. The old work of the 'private detective,' shadowing married men and women, and putting up jobs by which divorce could be obtained, is distasteful; and something I have always been opposed to. But this is an entirely different feature. For example, a short time ago I had a case. A wealthy State-street merchant, who is about to retire from the business, and was desirous of placing the management of it into his son's hands, became fearful that the young man was a little wild, and that, therefore, it might be bad policy for him to do so. He especially feared that his son learned to gamble. The case was given to me, and for a month some one from this office shadowed him constantly. If the young man took a carriage ride, his 'shadow' did likewise, and a week ago I reported. The only fault that we found him to have was that he played billiards occasionally. The father was overjoyed. He is satisfied now to trust his boy, knowing that he is worthy of it, and, of course, paid me a liberal fee.

"Another case was that of the daughter of a wealthy merchant. She was a kleptomaniac, and stole everything she could lay her fingers on. The bills came in so rapidly that I was employed to keep a strict account, and not let the persons from whom she stole send in bills for more than was taken. We soon found many such; but it was impossible to cure the young lady. She visited a friend ten days ago and robbed her. It was the third time, and the friend threatened to expose her if it occurred again. It was not an uncommon thing for her to steal from her friends at balls and parties, and the father gave up in despair. He knew exposure was likely to come at any time, and to save himself the shame and humiliation, sent her to a private asylum. It is undoubtedly a mania with the woman, but I couldn't help thinking that if she were a poor person, like you or me, the asylum that would receive us would be the penitentiary.

"Then there are cases where parents desire to know something of the character of the young men who are keeping company with their daughters, and I tell you it often saves the young girls a life of shame, or at least hardship. Employers have a perfect right to know how their trusted employees spend their extra hours, and if a man's attention is called to the fact that his cashier is speculating on the Board of Trade heavier than his salary will justify, or sitting around gambling tables and losing more money than he often earns, it often saves financial disaster for one, and sometimes the penitentiary for the other. Not long ago I reported to the officials of a bank that their cashier needed watching. They at once made an examination of his accounts and found that he had but lately commenced to steal. A forged paper was found on his person. The young man came of respectable parents, and was allowed to go without punishment by his people making up the deficiency. I saved the bank and the thief, too, in that case."—*Chicago News.*

F. W. Robinson, the novelist, is about to start a cheap weekly in London. It is to be a penny, will be called Home Chimes, and will have for contributors the first writers of the day. Mr. Swinburne has prepared a poem for the first number, to which Mr. Robinson contributes the first chapter of the new serial story. A novel feature of the management is the proposed division of the profits of the paper among the members of the staff. That's not a bad idea, but it will probably not make Home Chimes successful.

## THE VALUE OF SCRUBS.

The columns of the agricultural press are filled with fierce attacks upon that ill-fated animal—the scrub. He has attacked from all sides and in every conceivable manner. One would think, to read the free advertisements he receives, that the "scrub" has no value whatever. He keeps on multiplying with startling rapidity all over the country. He laughs at the criticism of agricultural writers. He would, doubtless, grow fat under the treatment were it not directly opposed to all the traditions of his ancestors to accumulate fatty substance. He knows that he has a certain value that cannot be taken from him, though it be pricked by all the editors' quills in the land. The scrub is a necessity. He goes with the scrub farmer. You will find him on the same farm with scrub houses, scrub implements, scrub methods, and scrub children. He forms a part of a scrub system. He is necessary to complete the set and keep it in its "scrub" state. Let a man put a thoroughbred or grade animal in his herd and before you know it, many of his good old "scrub" methods will be cast aside. You will find better care, better buildings, better plowing, more thought and planning. "Scrubs" stock call only for "scrub" care and shelter. They discourage rather than encourage brain work. This is just what the "scrub" farmer admires. One good, square think tires him more than a week's work. "Scrubs" cattle keep their surroundings down to a "scrub" level, and that seems to be the only level upon which many farmers can exist. They would soon bring fine stock down to their own state. Think how powerless we would be if we had no "scrub" men or farms to point out to our children as examples of bad management or ignorance. The "scrubs" keep us provided with illustrations of this character, so that we are not obliged to show up our own bad qualities. Let us give the patient animals full credit for all they do.—*Southern Live Stock Journal.*

## Another Way of Figuring.

A Democratic contemporary figures how that party is to elect the President this year, thus: Southern States, 153 electoral votes; New York, 36; New Jersey 9; Connecticut, 6; total, 204, or three more than is needed. And thus, again: Southern States, 153; New York, 36; Indiana, 15; or 204, or 3 more than enough. And once more: Southern States, 153; New York 36; California, 8; Nevada, 3; Oregon, 3; total, 206, or two more than enough. Suppose we figure another way. Our contemporary always counts 153 for the solid South. But there is quite as good reason to believe that the Southern column will be broken this year as that Indiana, Connecticut, or California, or Oregon will go Democratic. Suppose we say for the South 153, minus 10 for North Carolina, 12 for Virginia and 6 for West Virginia, which would leave 125 for the South; add 36 for New York, 15 for Indiana, 9 for New Jersey, 6 for Connecticut and 3 for Nevada, making 191 in all, or 10 less than enough. Or suppose we say 153 for the South, minus 12 for Virginia, 10 for North Carolina, and 9 for South Carolina, where the colored vote exceeds the white vote and is all Republican, making the total of Democratic electors for the South 122; plus 36 for New York, 3 for Nevada, 9 for New Jersey, 6 for Connecticut and 15 for Indiana, or a grand total of 191, or 10 less than enough. But there is no probability that Blaine will not get the 6 votes of Connecticut, or the 15 of Indiana; while there is a possibility of his carrying New York and even New Jersey. As for the South we look to see that line broken in at least three and probably five States, for it will be very dangerous to repeat the Bourbon game of last year in the Virginia local election this year in a Presidential fight.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

MORALITY IN THE TROPICS.—The paucity of marriages in Jamaica (says Sir Anthony Musgrave, in his official report on the condition of that island), is much to be deplored. In "intimate connexion" with this observation the Governor notes the fact that the annual proportion of illegitimate to legitimate births is more than 58 out of every 100 children born.

Ladies in Waiting.—Middle-aged spinsters.

## Economy in the Kitchen.

Economy in the kitchen is the first thing to be considered, for the kitchen is the sink down which most of the money goes. There is nothing like experience for this kind of thing. I remember, in my palmy days, when I never thought of looking after my cook, I one day espied my Newfoundland dog sportively diving into the swill-tub and extracting from thence a leg of mutton which had not more than a couple of slices cut from it. I watched the swill-tub after that, and found exactly where the butcher's bill came in. "Help," you know, abhors cold meat, and therefore consigns it to a bed in the dust.

Now, for a small family, nothing is nicer or more economical than a stuffed leg of mutton; either have the bone removed, or make a pocket beneath the upper skin, and stuff with bread crumbs and boiled onions and sage—bound with an egg. If you like goose, this is a capital imitation. Next day, when cold, cut it up into thin slices and make a hash, with a glass of sherry thrown in at the last moment, and so for about fifty cents you have meat for two days.

There is oftentimes a small quantity of meat left cold, which people generally throw away. Never do so, but chop it up fine, shred some parsley and a small onion, which also chop, soak stale bread and squeeze perfectly dry, omitting the crust, then with a spoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a glass of sherry, salt (of course, and an egg; make up the mixture into flat cakes about half an inch thick. Butter a baking-dish and put them into the oven, having first rolled each in flour, and put a piece of butter, or fine, clean dripping on each; twenty minutes will cook them; or you can fry them, but frying is hot work—never fry what you can bake, because the latter is the best mode.

Very few people make good gravy; it is generally thick and pale—looking, in fact, as though it had a bilious fever. To remedy this you should always have on hand a bottle of coloring, made thus:

Cut up two large onions and fry very brown, but not burnt at all. The put a spoonful of sugar in the frying-pan and let it also become brown. Salt, pepper, and about two spoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce and two glasses of port wine (which latter you may omit if you like); then fill up the pan with water and let it boil. Strain and bottle it, and a spoonful added to stews, gravies, etc., will have a magical effect.

It is well to bear in mind that quantity does not always satisfy. Small, well-dressed, piquant dishes, well colored and very well seasoned, go a great deal toward making a dinner appreciated. Of course I write for those who have to manage, and if any woman has tact enough to economize in the kitchen she can generally save out of her allowance enough for a new dress in a short time.

Nothing should ever be thrown away, for everything can be utilized.

If you have two chops left and four potatoes you can chop them together with parsley, thyme and seasoning, and make three or four meat cakes, which is one dish toward breakfast or lunch, and I make a bet that there will be regrets at the smallness of the dish; but most people would throw away such insignificant items, and send out for a few tough loin chops which no one would care about.

The same way with fish. Pick out the bones, crumble some bread and cook it just as you would the meat; also cold fish may be thus dressed. Chop it fine; put into a saucepan with a large piece of butter, two or three blades of mace, red pepper and salt; work it up with a fork until it is quite hot, and then press down into small cups. Eaten cold for breakfast there is nothing nicer.

Believe me, ladies, if you would be appreciated by your husbands, you will study cooking and economy in the kitchen.

But when I hear some women say (as I often do) "I wish you would eat out, dear, for a few days, until I get a new girl, as I really cannot cook myself, for I don't know how," I pity that couple, for in this way her "dear" gets into the habit of "eating out" until he prefers it, and she loses all that money that the "dear" eats and drinks. He might take beer or tea at home, with a nice little dinner, but out the "dear" will generally drink wine, helped, also, by that other "dear" who he takes with him, since he "hates to eat alone." A well laid table and a pretty little dinner made tastily a small expense, will always draw the husband home, and why should not the wife do her best to keep the provider of the dinner in good humor? It is the least any woman can do, and as I pass through life I observe that those men who have sen-

sible wives and well-cooked meals at home seldom dine out. Those apparently harmless efforts of the wife to get her husband to "eat out," that she may save herself a little extra trouble, is generally productive of the unfortunate effect of driving him out altogether. Men are queer animals and very contrary. You know when you have them, but know not how long you can keep them. Try the cooking. 'Tis, as a rule, successful, and I'll give you a hundred and one receipts.

## FOREIGN.

The late dates bring little of startling moment. The "peace of Europe" is a bugbear that never will "down" for more than a month at a time. Just now, England and Holland on the one hand, and Germany on the other, are deeply interested in the visit of some South-African Boers to Germany. These African Dutchmen want to make a son of Cetawayo's King of Zululand, England is believed to wish otherwise; and Holland, parent country of the Boers, apparently sides with England. If Germany encourages the South-African Dutch to do as they please, such action must lead to unpleasant complications. So far as Holland is concerned, the friendliness of Germany for the Boers is believed to bode the contingent absorption of little Holland into the big German Empire—this belief being strengthened by the fact that the direct heir to the throne in the male line, Alexander, Prince of Orange, is believed to be dying.

Germany's recent semi-hostile attitude towards France seems to be reconsidered, if the following language from Bismarck has any significance: "Differnt Governments of France since 1870 have maintained confidence in Germany, and our relations with France are as confidential and amicable as with any other country. There exists complete trust in reciprocal treatment, and in our mutual order."

France and England are apparently in cordial concert on the Egyptian question, as evidenced by the following language from Prime Minister Ferry: "We are aiming at neutrality in Egypt for the purpose of obtaining the neutrality of the Suez Canal. England has given assurance it shall be neutral. Under these circumstances France, in joining the conference, fulfilled a patriotic duty."

Russia is quiet for the nonce. The nihilists are lagging low and the Jews are being but half-heartedly persecuted.

France, though peaceful at home, and playing a waiting game in Madagascar, is having trouble in Tonquin. The dispatches tell of fighting near Langson, precipitated by the Chinese generals, Vuon, Gly and No Ny, euphonious if not yet eminent candidates for immortality. The row comes just at the time the French are preparing to evacuate Tonquin; as a consequence, General Miller, in command at Hanoi, will remain in occupation, and, probably, continue the war until peace is effected by complete conquest.

The fall of Escher, under the brave and loyal Pasha Houssein Khaddi, is the most recent blow to Egyptian rule in the Sudan. It also leaves Khartoum at the mercy of Mahdi, who would like to "blow" better than blowing poor Gordon over a slow fire. Gordon has been advised to retreat, and perhaps has already escaped. In the meanwhile, Khaddi, at Khartoum, has apparently come to the conclusion that his hand may be more likely battered by Escher and Egyptian by Mahdi, and has promised to throw an army into the Sudan. The end is not yet.

Congress is in session in the instant. The Trade Dollar Bill will come up again in a moment.

Bishop Simpson of the American Methodist Church is dead. So is John C. ... long the noted Professor of History at Berlin University.

Mr. Spence's box, constructed with Cramp & Co. of Philadelphia to build the largest ... constructed for use on the Pacific Coast. She will be used by the Oceano Steamship Company.

The San Francisco Chronicle says there are rumors in circulation of the establishment of a fast line of steamers between San Francisco and Sydney, to make the run in seventeen days, not touching at Honolulu.